

Redemption

by Infinity

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Redemption

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Cassie's emerging form could be seen within the shadows of the night. She was just returning from another night of horror. Her emotions were shattered, as were her morals; she had killed so many tonight, more than she ever had.

Cassie sighed as she became fully human, and then fought back tears as she ran across the moonlit field by her house. It was deep into the night, so she quietly went into the house, making sure she opened the side door slowly so it wouldn't make noise.

Inside the house, she made her way through the kitchen without any problem, but when she was passing her parents room, she heard the all too familiar sound of a lamp switch being turned on.

"Cassie?" Her mother's muffled voice called from the darkness of her parent's bedroom. Cassie was about to sneak into her room without a reply like she had done so often, but this time she replied.

"Yeah, it's me," was all she said.

"What time is it?" Her mother's voice becoming more alert. Cassie looked at the old, grandfather clock in the hallway.

"2:39 a.m." she said reluctantly. She could have lied, but Cassie felt she just could not lie bluntly to anyone tonight, just not tonight. She heard the soft tread of her mother's feet across the

carpet. Her mother's form appeared from the shadows, and stood in front of Cassie.

"Where have you been? We were worried sick. Have you been out with that Jake boy?" Her mother threw questions at her.

"I've just been around, around with my friends. Mom, I'm old enough to take care of my self. Don't worry about me, trust me, I know what I'm doing," Cassie responded casually. It was the truth, somewhat. Her mother gave her a look of exasperation, and then placed a hand on Cassie's cheek.

"Honey, it's just that lately you seem to be a different person, and it's hard for us to cope. Maybe it's just that you're becoming a young woman, and we need to back off, but you're still a baby, and we want you to be safe," Cassie's mother moved her hand down to Cassie's shoulder and gently squeezed it. Then she let out a small sigh, and turned back into the shadows of her bedroom, leaving Cassie pondering her words.

A different personâ€|

Cassie laughed hollowly as she headed to her room, yes, she was an entire different person indeed. She was no longer innocent, no longer clean, she was no longer a child. Guilt and burden soiled her soul and she was left empty.

Cassie opened the door to her room, and gazed at its childlike essence. There, by her bed, upon the oak dresser, were small stuffed animals of different kinds. They were each very soft and gentle, posing as if they were there to listen to all her sorrows. Small horses were lined about her cream colored walls. Royal white lace curtains hung from the window overlooking her tidy bed. A blue velvet book peeked out from under her bed, unfinished.

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This room doesn't belong to me anymoreâ€| it's too innocentâ€|

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Cassie bent down and pulled the velvet book out, and thumbed through the pages. She saw pictures of far away places where there was no agony, that there was always a happy ending. She now knew no such places could ever exist, in her world.

I feel so dirty in this roomâ€|

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Cassie walked in front of the small mirror on top of her desk. She gazed into it, seeing all the scars, the blood, and the pain. They seemed to cling to her, as her guilt consumed her. She was too soiled to be in this room. Cassie looked away, and walked to the bathroom.

When she clicked on the lights, the intensity of them caused her to back away slightly as if she was just caught of all her crimes. She was being hunted, her victims sought revenge, and the evidence was

upon her, in her, and she had to wash it away.

Cassie stripped and entered the shower, turning on the hot water. As the hot water cascaded upon her skin, she felt slightly relieved. The blood was fading with the steam, but she could still feel the scars and the pain of those killed.

Hotterâ€| it needs to be hotterâ€| that is the only way to become cleanâ€|

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Cassie turned the handle to intensify the heat. Steam clouded her vision as she grabbed for the soap, but her hand couldn't find it. In panic, she searched for it, needing it to wash away the stains still upon her. Finally her hand brushed upon it, and she furiously began to rub her skin.

Rub it all awayâ€|

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The water began to become cold to her skin, but in reality it was so hot it felt cold, so Cassie turned the water to its highest heat, and returned to her washing. She rubbed and rubbed until her skin felt raw. The water began to scald her skin, and she felt the pain, but she smiled when she saw the images of blood with the water draining away through the steam. Finally, the incriminating stains were taken away. Cassie felt light-headed, but she felt that the end of all this pain was near, that the weight of guilt was being lifted.

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Cleanâ€| no more painâ€| no more guiltâ€| cleanâ€|the blood is goneâ€|

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Cassie's vision became blurred, and her mind went blank as she collapsed upon the crimson water. As her face touched the scalding water, Cassie saw the flickering image of a star, and she headed toward its light.

Salvationâ€|

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_Clouds of crimson tinted steam drifted through the air, into the child's bedroom, suffocating its innocence. Bloody water flowed along the floor, creating a path of pain, and engraved itself into the white carpet. A raw skinned body lay at the source of it all. Now the bedroom fit Cassie, but she wasn't there to see, she was far from reality, far away. Cassie was finally free.

Clean at lastâ€|

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Any comments or suggestions would be greatly appreciated!! J Email me
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file.